

# Nodwick™



The Henchmen's Graveyard...

Nodwick

by *Archie*

# in: The Great Grave Robbery

NOT A  
BAD HAUL,  
EH?

CONSIDERING  
WHAT WE HAD TO WORK  
WITH, I'D SAY IT'S  
RESPECTABLE.

I TOLD YOU GUYS:  
IT'S CALLED "THE ABANDONED  
CITADEL" BECAUSE NOTHING  
LIVES THERE! EVERYONE MOVED  
OUT CENTURIES AGO!

TRUE,  
BUT THEY  
DIDN'T TAKE  
EVERYTHING!

OH, YES. THE FOOLS  
ACTUALLY LEFT THEIR  
GARBAGE BEHIND.  
I MEAN, WHAT KIND  
OF IDIOTS WOULDN'T  
HAUL AWAY THEIR  
BOTTLE CAPS?

MITHRIL  
BOTTLE  
CAPS! LET'S  
SEE... FROM  
NINE CUBIC  
FEET OF  
BOTTLE  
CAPS--

CORRODED  
BOTTLE  
CAPS.

CORRODED  
BOTTLE CAPS.  
WE SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO  
MAKE--

A LETTER  
OPENER AND  
TABLEWARE  
FOR TWO.

AH,  
YES...

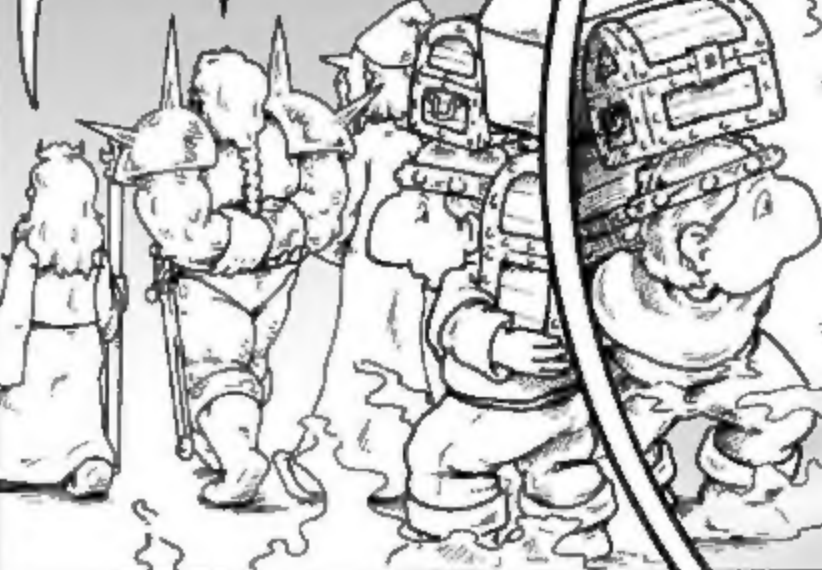


NODWICK'S  
RIGHT! THERE  
WERE NO EVILS  
TO FIGHT, NO  
NAUGHTINESS  
TO THWART!

NO EASILY  
TRANSPORTABLE  
VALUABLES,  
EITHER.  
SIGH...

WELL, IT'S NOT  
LIKE HEROIC  
ADVENTURES WITH  
RETIREMENT  
BENEFITS  
APPEAR OUT OF  
NOWHERE.

HENCHMAN  
NODWICK! YOUR  
ANCESTORS CALL  
OUT TO THEE!



THAT DOES  
IT! NO MORE  
"BARGAIN BIN"  
RATIONS FOR  
ME.

IT'S...  
THE ALPHA  
LUGGER!

IS THIS  
GHOST NOT-NICE?  
I CAN TRY TO  
BANISH IT.

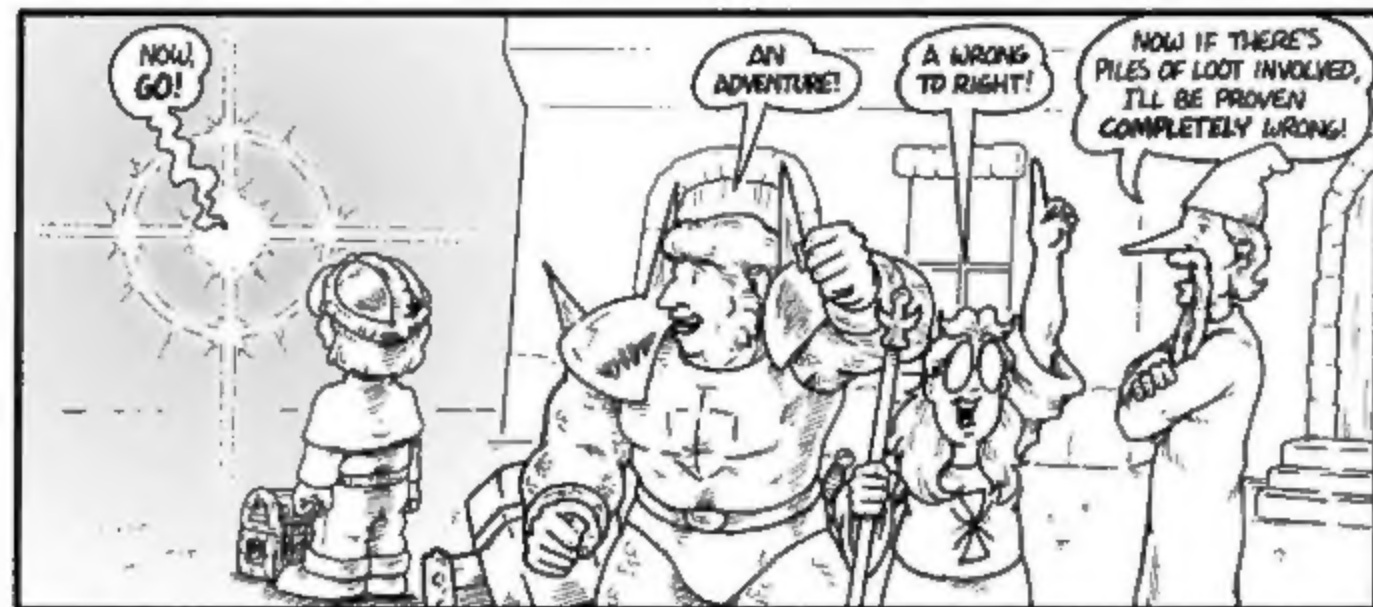
NO, PIFFANY.  
THIS IS IMPORTANT!  
SPEAK, O MIGHTY  
MOVER!

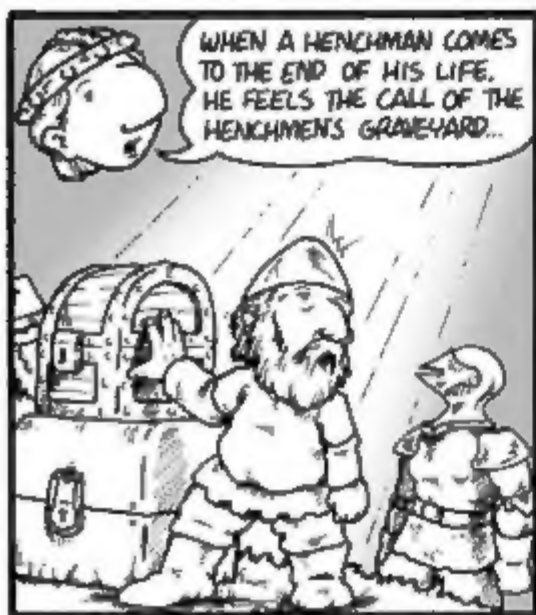


GO FORTH AND  
SEEK OUT SEDGEWICK.  
HE THREATENS TO  
BETRAY OUR VERY  
LEGACY!

YOU MUST  
STOP HIM, OR  
ALL WILL BE  
LOST!











NOT THAT UNKNOWN!  
HE'S GOING TO SHOW  
THOSE "NASTY FOLK"  
THE LOCATION OF  
THE HENCHMEN'S  
GRAVEYARD!

WHAT?!

CHILL.  
WE'RE  
ON THE  
CASE!



YOU WILL HAVE  
HELP! I'LL MUSTER  
EVERY HENCHMAN  
WITHIN A HUNDRED  
MILES TO ASSIST  
YOU IN STOPPING  
SEDEWICK!



UH, NO  
OFFENSE, BUT  
WHAT GOOD  
WOULD THAT  
DO?

OH, THEY CAN KEEP THE  
BAD GUYS' SWORDS BUSY  
WHILE WE LOOT THE  
GRAVE-- DOOF!



WE THANK YOU  
FOR YOUR OFFER TO HELP,  
BUT GOODNESS AND  
HAPPY THOUGHTS WILL  
WIN THE DAY FOR US.



IS SHE  
FOR REAL?

I THINK  
SHE HAD A  
TRAGICALLY  
SUPPORTIVE  
UPBRINGING.



LATER...

HOW DO YOU KNOW  
THE WAY? DON'T YOU  
HAVE TO BE, UH,  
DYING TO FIND IT?

WELL, YEAGAR, THANKS  
TO YOU GUYS, I'VE BEEN  
CLOSE TO DEATH SO  
OFTEN I COULD SLEEP.  
WALK TO THE GRAVE-  
YARD!



DAYS LATER...

I THINK WE'RE  
MARCHING IN CIRCLES!  
WHAT KIND OF HOMELY  
PIGEON ARE YOU?

I THINK YOU  
MEAN A HOMOING  
PIGEON.

NO PIGEON COULD  
FLY WITH A BEAK  
LIKE THAT.



AH-HA!!



THAT'S  
WHAT FIFTEEN  
YEARS OF SERVICE  
GETS YOU!

SO, TO GET MY REVENGE, I MADE  
A DEAL WITH THESE ADVENTURERS: I  
SHOW THEM WHERE THE HENCHMAN'S  
GRAVEYARD IS, AND THEY GIVE ME  
A HEFTY SHARE OF THE TREASURE!  
IF I CAN'T LIVE THE GOOD LIFE AS A  
HENCHMAN ANYMORE, THEN I'M GOING  
TO GET WHAT'S MINE, NO MATTER  
THE COST!!

UH, YOU BECAME  
A HENCHMAN, HOPING  
TO 'LIVE THE GOOD LIFE'?

HUH... I ADMIT IT  
DOES SOUND A BIT  
SILLY...

OH WELL... ALL  
THE MORE REASON  
TO CARRY OUT MY  
WICKED SCHEME,  
I GUESS.

BESIDES, YOUR  
FRIENDS ARE  
FINISHED!

ARTAX, DO YOU  
STILL HAVE THAT  
PORTION OF  
IBUPROFEN?

ALWAYS LOOK  
ON THE BRIGHT  
SIDE OF LIFE..

SEDGEWICK,  
IT'S NOT TOO  
LATE! DON'T  
LEAD THEM TO—

SQUISH!

TIME  
TO GO,  
NOW.



SAY, SINCE YOU'RE SORT OF EVIL AND ALL, SHOULDN'T YOU... WELL, KILL THEM?

YOUR FUNCTION IS TO LEAD US TO THE GRAVEYARD, NOT TO GIVE ORDERS.

WE'RE SPARING THEM THIS TIME AS A WARNING. IF THEY CONTINUE TO INTERFERE, THEY WILL BE SLAIN.

NOW MOVE!

WE ARE MOST DEFINITELY OUTCLASSED AND OUTGUNNED!

NO DUM! EVEN THEIR TONGUE STUDS ARE +1 MAGIC WEAPONS!

ARE YOU OKAY, NODWICK?

NO; I HIT BEDROCK TWO FEET DOWN.

CAN YOU LIFT MY HEAD? I NEED TO SPIT OUT MY KNEECAPS.

I DO BELIEVE THAT IT'S TIME TO CUT OUR LOSSES, DON'T YOU THINK?

I CONCUR, YEAGAR. IF WE HURRY, WE CAN MAKE IT HOME IN TIME TO CATCH "ALLY MACBETH" AT THE ROSE.

WAIT!! WHAT ABOUT THE GRAVEYARD? WE HAVE TO SAVE IT!

HOW? BY GETTING GUTTED BY THE GOTH-SWITH-GONADS GESTAPO?

WHOA! NICE ALLITERATION, ARTAX!



HOW MUCH  
FURTHER,  
SEDEGWICK?

NOT TOO  
FAR! ONCE WE  
REACH THE GREAT  
WALL, WE--

HOLD! THOU  
SHALL NOT  
PASS!

GASP!  
THE HEAVY  
LIFTER  
HIMSELF!

WHAT IS  
THAT?

IT'S THE  
GUARDIAN OF  
THE GRAVEYARD, THE  
SPIRIT OF THE FIRST  
HENCHMAN! WE MUST  
BE CLOSER THAN  
I THOUGHT!

YOU WILL  
NEVER REACH  
THE GRAVEYARD,  
BETRAVER! I WILL  
STOP YOU!

BEING DEAD FOR  
EONS MUST'VE ATROPHIED  
YOUR BRAIN, OLD ONE! THE  
PATH YOU GUARD DOESN'T  
LEAD TO THE GRAVEYARD!

INCORRECT! WHEN  
YOU BEGAN THIS EVIL MISSION,  
YOUR HENCHMAN HOMING SENSE  
STARTED TO FAIL! IN A WEEK, YOU  
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIND THE  
GRAVEYARD, EVEN WITH AN  
ARMY OF UNDERTAKERS!

ENOUGH OF THIS! BY  
THE POWERS OF DARKNESS  
THAT I COMMAND, I BANISH  
YOU FOREVER!



NOOOOOOOOOOOO...



WHICH WAY NOW, SEDGEWICK?



MY DIRECTIONAL SENSE TELLS ME THAT WE SHOULD GO RIGHT.

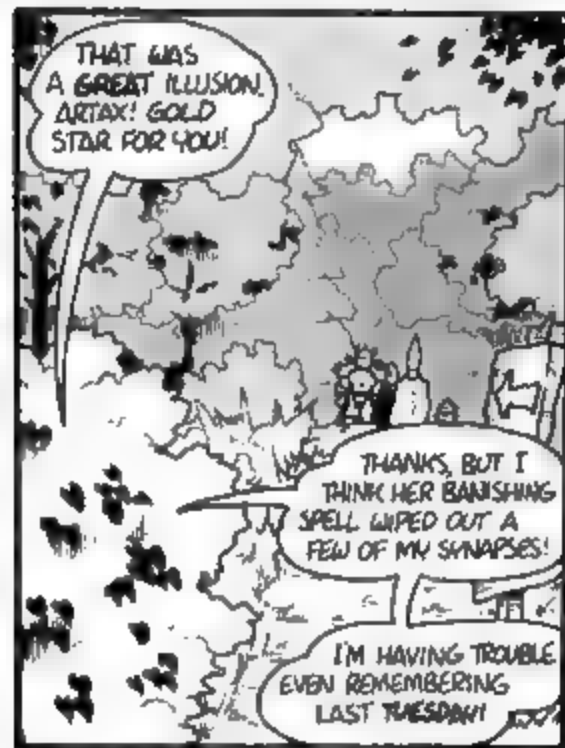


THEN WE WILL GO LEFT.

YOUR WORTH IS LESSENING, LITTLE ONE.



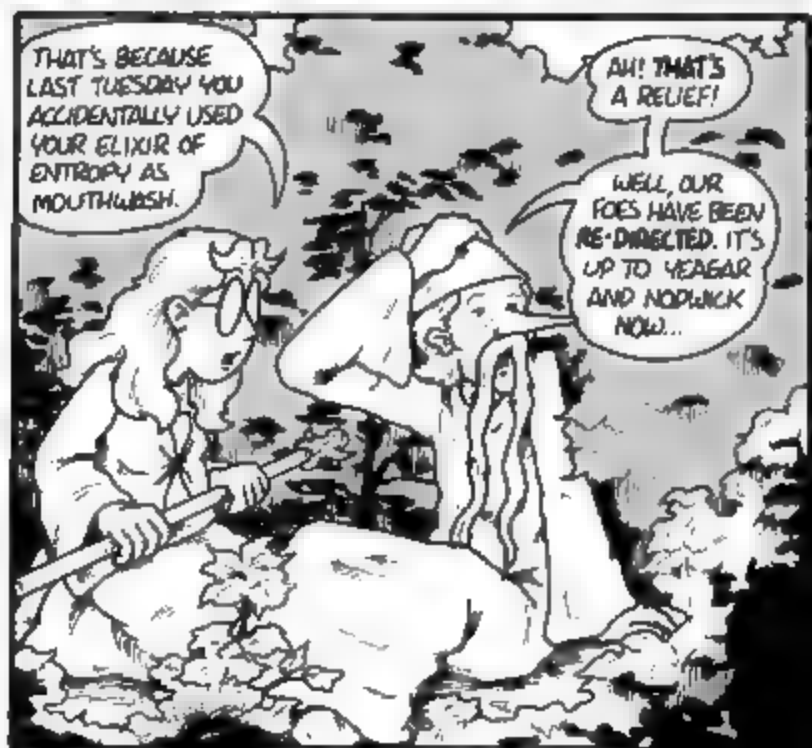
THAT WAS A GREAT ILLUSION, ARTAX! GOLD STAR FOR YOU!



THANKS, BUT I THINK HER BANISHING SPELL WIPED OUT A FEW OF MY SYNAPSES!

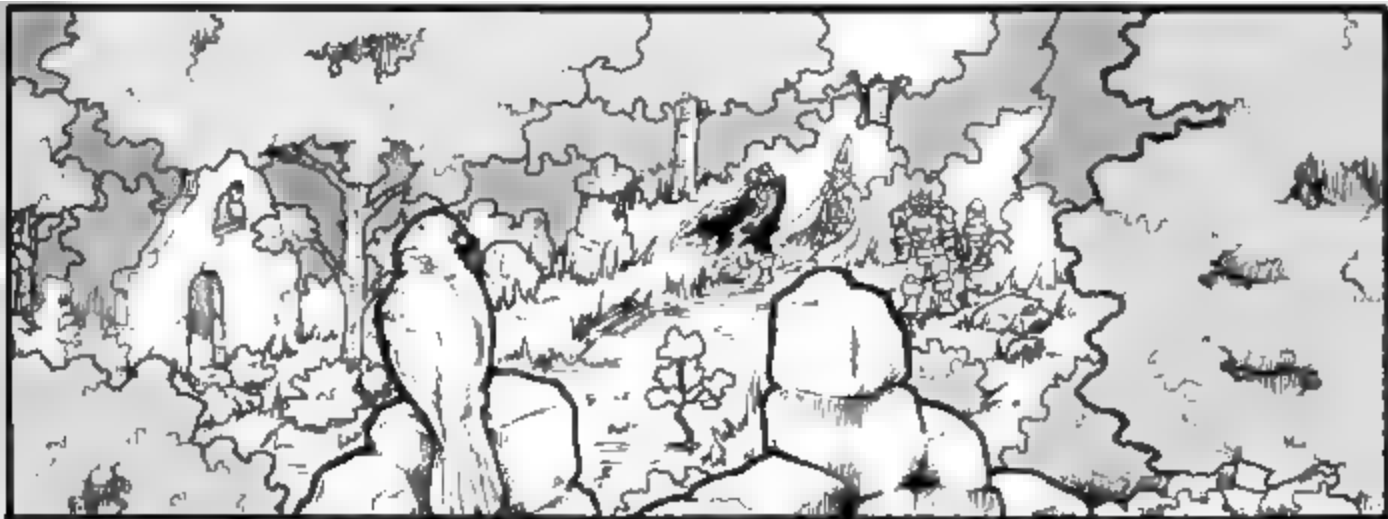
I'M HAVING TROUBLE EVEN REMEMBERING LAST TUESDAY!

THAT'S BECAUSE LAST TUESDAY YOU ACCIDENTALLY USED YOUR ELIXIR OF ENTROPY AS MOUTHWASH.



AH! THAT'S A RELIEF!

WELL, OUR FOES HAVE BEEN RE-DIRECTED. IT'S UP TO YEAGAR AND NODWICK NOW...



WHAT IS  
THIS PLACE,  
SEDEWICK?



WHY, IT'S  
THE VILLAGE  
OF...UM, MENTION  
THE VILLAGERS  
FED AND HOUSED  
THOSE WHO BUILT  
THE GRAVEYARD  
AND ITS  
DEFENSES!



DEFENSES?  
WHY DIDN'T YOU  
MENTION THESE  
DEFENSES  
BEFORE?

I FORGOT! WE  
MENCHMEN ARE  
IMMUNE TO THE  
DETERRENTS, SO  
I DIDN'T THINK  
ABOUT THEM!

...BUT I'M  
SURE THAT  
THERE ARE  
CLUES HERE  
THAT WILL HELP  
YOU TO ENTER  
THE GRAVEYARD  
SAFELY!



PSST! DOES  
SEDEWICK  
LOOK ODD  
TO YOU?

HOW SHOULD I  
KNOW? ALL MENCH-  
MEN LOOK ALIKE!

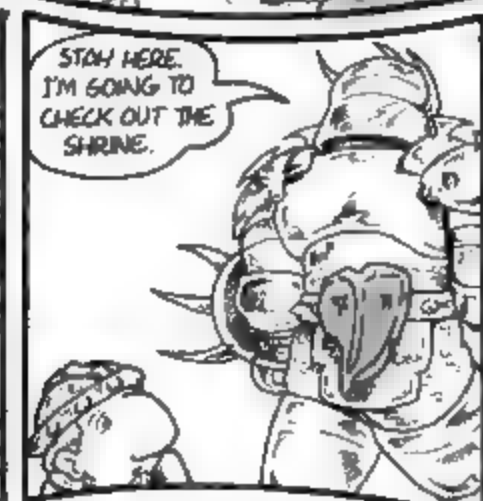
TRUE... STILL, YOU  
SHOULD WATCH HIM...  
GO WITH HIM AND  
SEARCH THE CENTER  
OF THE RUINS; WE'LL  
TAKE THE PERIMETER.



COME WITH  
ME, KIRLING. WE'RE  
GOING TO INVESTIGATE  
THE VILLAGE.

WHAT?  
WITHOUT THE  
OTHERS?

QUESTIONING  
ME ISN'T VERY  
HEALTHY!  
MOVE!!







THE VILLAINS REGROUP.



\*\* SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "I WRITE THE SONGS" BY BARRY MANILOW.



I WRITE THE SPELLS THAT MAKE FROGS OUT OF KINGS!  
I WRITE THE SPELLS THAT SUMMON SLIMY THINGS!  
I WRITE THE SPELLS SO KISS YOUR TUSH GOOD-BYE!  
I WRITE THE SPELLS, I WRITE THE SPELLS!



SO, WHY IS  
THIS MAKING  
HIM STUFF  
ROCKS IN HIS  
EARS?

HE'S A MEMBER  
OF THE HERACTIUM  
DARK ARTS ACADEMY.  
THE INSTRUCTORS MADE  
THE STUDENTS SING  
THIS DITTY QUITE  
OFTEN; IT WAS USED  
FOR PUNISHMENT, PLUS  
IT MADE THE STUDENTS  
A TAD MORE EVIL.



I CAN REACH DEEP WITHIN YOU,  
I'LL USE MY POWER TO CRUSH YOUR SOUL.  
I USE MAGIC TO HIDE FROM YOUR EYES,  
I CAN EVEN CHANGE LEAD INTO GOLD.

GET UP!  
WE'LL SMASH  
THEM!

I CAN'T! THIS SONG  
WILL BE GOING THROUGH MY  
HEAD FOR DAYS! I CAN'T  
CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO  
CAST ANY SPELLS!

I WRITE THE SPELLS THAT TELL YOU FUTURE THINGS! I WRITE THE SPELLS FOR MAGIC SWORDS AND RINGS!  
I WRITE THE SPELLS THAT MAKE MY WORST FOES FRY! I WRITE THE SPELLS. I WRITE THE SPELLLLLLLS!!



PIFFAHH!  
COME BACK!



JUST TO MAKE  
SURE THAT YOU DON'T  
GET INTO ANY MORE  
MISCHIEF..

I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
THIS ROTTEN OLD  
SPELLBOOK OF  
YOURS!

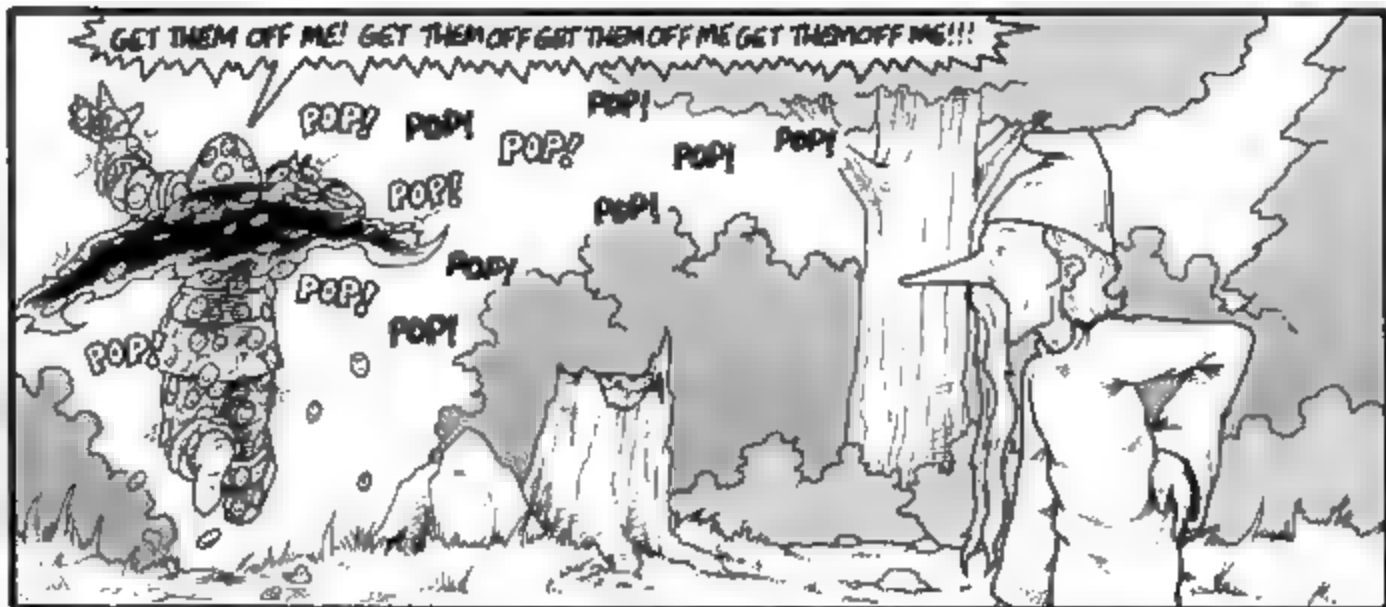
















BUT SEDGEWICK IS STILL ON THE LOOSE!

NO, HE'S WITH ME. WE HAVE ALL OF ETERNITY TO DISCUSS HIS TRANSGRESSIONS.

NOW, CAN WE TRUST YOUR FRIENDS TO NEVER REVEAL THIS SACRED PLACE TO THOSE WHO WOULD LOOT IT?











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